CARLOTTA x x x NILLSON * * Can't Have Emotions . By the Clock.



Ey Charles Darnton.

with her flaxen hair shimmoring in the afteron light and her pansy-like face half in the adow. But she didn't look happy.

I found Miss Carlotta Nillson saddened by cress. Unusual? Yes. But then Miss Nillhemselves in for a "run," don't grieve. They ttle back in luxurious contentment against shions stuffed with "easy money" and fanork was built for them, and that they never cel at home anywhere else. They spend their elsure accumulating a pose, indigestion omely dogs, beauteous automobiles and other nick-knacks.

h her wake as she came downstairs in a plain lark skirt and a close-fitting white-knitted acket. She slipped into a chair, and with a hy glance in my direction said:

"What can I say that will interest you?" For a moment the two of us talked of "The bree of Us." It occurred to me that the big success of the little play might have led Miss Nillson to believe that "cold, cruel New York"

they believe to be the 'public taste,' and

their mistake costs them a fortune.

"It has been said," I remarked, "that

your heart out."

ou prefer roles in which you can eat

"indeed I do not," she protested. "I

like a role which has both comedy and

doubtless responsible for the impres-

Fiske they seemed to think I could play

only gray and gloomy roles. I have

I have simply taken what I could get

tain, It's like going up in a balloon-

Granted in Advance.

HE young! doctor who had lately

One day he was hailed by an elderly

man, who requested him to step in and

see his wife, who was ailing, says the

Youth's Companion. At the close of

ils visit the young doctor asked for

plicated," he said, "and with your per-

mission I should like to call the Brook

neld physician in consultation."
"Permission!" echoed the man indig-nantly. "I told her I know she ought to have a good doctor, but she was afraid you'd be offended if she did."

Your wife's case is somewhat com-

private word with the man.

settled in Shrubville had ample of

portunity to learn humility, i

you never know where you'll land."

othing else, in his chosen field.

sion that I preferred to be unhappy

had a soft spot in its heart after all. "No doubt," she said, "All theatregoers are more or less sympathetic, season?" I asked. stronger apreal in the smaller cities ing plays until my eyes ache, and have one by a familier ache. an it does here!" have one by a foreign author-a genius.
"You are not going with "The Three -that-but I mustn't talk of that now.

of Us' when it takes to the road?" "No. I do not feel equal to the task of course, there is the matter a side of playing a long summer engagement in Chicago. One cannot go on playing the same part without rest. In my opinion a long run in one play is ruinquisto an actor. He goes on and on the successful play, at the same time, is an unknown quantity before it is tried. The Three of Us, for example, was "No. I do not feel equal to the task until suddenly he realizes that he has refused by almost every manager in lost something. He may not know just what it is, but he does know that it is something he will never reace.

"Managers are likely to follow the that it is something he will never be able to regain. The so-called beaten track in their search for plays. artistic temperament cannot stand a But occasions a good play comes out heavy grind. Like everything else, it of the woods and surprises them. And wears out until nothing is left but the sometimes they are misled by what

broke them in an empty gesture and This was the case some three or four

years ago, you may remember, when "It is impossible," she went on "to the public became tired of the sensagive seven performances a week and thonal and the nonsensical and stayed keep them from becoming mechanical. at home. This season, as never before in I cannot give more than three good my recollection, the public is showing a performances in a week. One can't taste for good plays-for a more serious. He stopped. There was no sound. I have emotions by the clock—one at 8.30, drama. Look at Ibsen. At last he has waited; then, frightened, I stepped to moment when I heard deep, guttural another at 5, and so on through the been accepted, and with him has come evening. An emotion must be felt, it that exquisite artiste, Mme, Nazimova. some say an actor should not feel what the is acting. But I do not agree with them. Unless I feel what I am doing, I cannot make others feel. This, at any fate, is the impression I get when I give a nechanical performance. To give a nechanical performance. touch the heart of an audience I must er seen 'A Doll's House' before, I should like to play Nora."

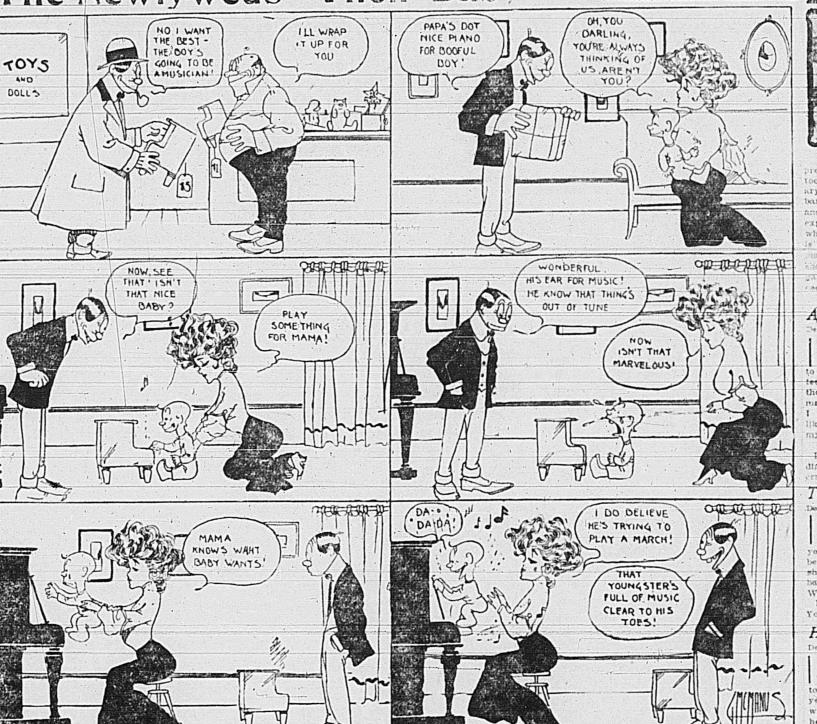
This peculiarly polymant little woman twisted her mouth into an expression of pale, clasped her hands nervously and crumpled up in her chair. It was the flecting sort of thing that had brought a lump to my throat more than pathos-light and shade. Managers were once at the theatre.

"But one cannot suffer to order." she "But one cannot suffer to other, said, from a corner of her chair. "Even the stage, for after I had played Mrs. setors are only human, and they grow Elvsted in 'Hedda Gabler' with Mrs. tired sometimes, strange as this may seem to some managers. I had to give up for three years once, but now that never had any choice in the matter the poison is in the blood, I suppose I shall go on to the bitter end. The greatest suffering I endure comes beabout it? Theatrical life is very uncerfore 'be production of a play. "e had planned to give another play by Miss Crothers called 'The Coming of Mrs. Pat,' when it was suddenly decided to put on 'The Three of Us.' I worked very hard on the play with Miss Crothers; then came a long period of rehears I, and by the time the piece was ready for production my nerves were The night before the opening performance I had nightmare. thousand dogs were tearing me to piecea."

She pulled down the sleeves of her

Jacket an I shuddered. There are many things that the pubsmile out across her face. "Theatrical life is yery hard for a woman who is alone /If I had a husband or a brother who wis a manager, everything would But I shouldn't complain,

The Newlyweds--Their Baby 2 By George McManus BETTY VINCENT'S



times gives me nice presents. But not as often as another gentleman I was once engaged to. Do you think he is stingy? I don't want to marry him if he is." so writes a girl correspondent. And her question opens brond field for reply, Of course I have no means of knowing whether this particular swain is stingy or not. But from the fact that he "sometimes gives nice presents," I should farry not. Stingy people don't, as a rule, give "nice

resents." I think, however, this girl gives far too much heed to the gifts and too little to the giver. It is not always the man who equanders his whole sale my on presents, theatre seats, &c., who makes the best or most generous hus band. He often has a way of continuing to squander his salary after me and does not always squander it on his wife. The girl who shows a man that she expects him to spend much money on her smusements, &c., is seldom the girl who marries best. Men get an idea she is extravagant, and an extravagant will s'n luxury few atlaried men care to invest in. By all this I don't mean that a should not spend money in reason on the girl he is engaged to, nor that alle hould not expect such reasonable expenditure. But there is a limit of extravathe which a man who is "saving up money to be married" should never ex sed. Nor should his sweetheart expect or permit him to exceed it.

An Excitable Young Man

AM a young man seventeen years old, of a very excitable nature and to a victous degree. My adored is six- great wretchedness. Walt until you teen years old, but most of her tender are twenty-one. thoughts are directed toward a young man whom I hold as my bitterest rival. Marriage on \$12 Per. I call upon her regularly, but do not Dear Betty: ike to complain of the affection that my enemy is monopolizing. REVENGEFUL :

dime novels and let girls alone for sev-

They Had a Quarrel.

Dear Betty: I HAVE had a little quarrel with my sweetheart. I am at foult. I have make you n written and apologized to him. Do you think that he loves me as he did before? It would break my heart if we should part, as I love him and feel so badly because I have burt his feelings. He Never Speaks of Love. If he loves you he will forgive you. You have done everything possible,

He Would Wed at Sixteen.

and am engaged to a young man of the same ago. We are not going ears old. Now he objects to this and ng until I am his.. I do not know

say we are too young, and he says we. are not. He earns \$100 a month. HEARTBROKEN.

You are much too young, and to am prore to be very jealous, even marry now might bring both of you

I AM a young girl seventeen year old and am keeping company with a young man three years my I would advise you to stop reading senior. He is only earning \$12 a week my life I don't know if it would be

HAVE been going with a young man who thinks a lot of me, still he has never given me the impression than a friend to me. What can I de about it? By giving myself up exclu-sively to him I have lessened my chances of attention from other men-cur, it he that he thinks me too young

A Wall Street Romance. &2

By the Author of

"Frenzied Finance.

NOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHARLES AND AND AND ADDRESS OF THE RESIDENCE AND ADDRESS OF THE ADDRESS OF T "Have you made any plans for next "Not as yet." she replied. "I am read

CHAPTER VI.

S I passed through my office a A few minutes later I heard Bob's voice in Beulah Sands's office. voice in Beulah Sands's office. it was raised in passionate eloquence. "Yes, Beulah, I have done it singlehanded I have orundled Carningver. 'Standard Oil,' and the 'System' that away. You have three millions, and I have been pointed to 4 as Bob again ap And beneath in one of the columns: for you to go home to your father, and dolph then come back to me. Back to me, dolph, Beulah, back to me to be my wife!" got this money fairly, honorably,"

mothers driven to the madhouse as a supplemented by the awful groans. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS, result of this pable, cannot be charged

body from the fires of this world, and from the paper and passed it over Bob's my soul from the torture of the damned, bronzed cheek, just as the infant fingers to her lips and softly said, and I promise you that if I find that I touches its mother's face with its "Hush, my Bob's asleep." Together we have done wrong, what you call wrong, chubby fingers. In my horror I almost will do what you say to atdne."

He went straight to Beulah Sanda's the door of Beulah Sands's office. She groans, I Tistened. The sound came was just saying as I reached the door: louder than before. It came from Beu-"Bob, in mercy's name tell me you lah Sands's office. With a bound I was "bob, in mercy's name tell me you lah Sands's office. With a bound I was this morey fairly bongrably." at the open door. My God, the sight She had drawn his head down close that met my gaze! It haunts me even to her face, and her great blue eyes now when years have dulied its vividsearched his as though they would go to his very soul. She was a child in that had grown to be such a familiar her simple appeal for him to allow her picture to Bob and me of late sat at the to see his heart, to see that there was flat desk in the centre of the room. She faced the door. Her elbows rested "Bob, speak to me, speak to me," she on the desk; in her hand was an afterbegged; "tell me there was no dishonor noon paper that she had evidently been

daughters dragged to shame and the lifted in an agony of appeal that was dead. Bob Brownley, too, had gone beresult of this panic, cannot be charged. Then, horror of horrors! I saw that lifted his head, while the sweet woman-to-anything unfair or dishonorable that there was something missing from her child knelt and covered his face with you have done. Bob, oh, Bob, answer! great, blue eyes. I looked; gasped, kisses, calling in a voice like that of a Answer no, or my heart will break: Could it possibly be? With a bound I tiny girl speaking to her doll: "Bob, "Bellah, stop: in the name of God, in was at her side. I gazed again into my Bob, wake up, wake up; your Beuand recoun the lost funds, the name of your love for me, don't those eyes which that morning had lah wants you." As I placed my hand and Boulah have scraped together any another word. There is a limit to been all that was intelligent, all that upon Bob's heart and felt its beat grow which they have agreed that the lat- say another word. There is a limit to been all that was intelligent, all that upon Bob's heart and felt its beat grow with the capacity of a man to suffer, even if was Godlike, all that was human. Their stronger, as I listened to Boulah Sanda's was Godifke, all that was human. Their

soul, their life was gone. Beulah Sands | childish voice, joyously confident, as it was a dead woman; not dead in body, This voice she can watche see the continue of of living flesh and blood; but the cita-

GINIA."

"THE MOST PROMINENT CITIZEN OF ALL THREE DIED INSTANTLY."

**ROBERT BROWNLEY CREATES THE MOST DISASTROUS PANIC IN THE SPREADS WRECK AND RUIN bent over and kissed him on the eyes the front can be stitched to any destricted on ner and fils them sof the model that can be made with case and success. The tucks at the front can be stitched to any destricted to an The awful groaning stopped and an a child bestows upon its pets. me no one was made to suffer as my how long she had been reading it before ashen pallor spread over Bob Brown- He slowly rose to his feet. I could the neck can be father and I have suffered. Tell me he came. Bob was kneeling at the side ley's face. Before I could catch him see from his eyes and the shudder that

yond his limit. I bent over him and stronger, as I listened to Boulah Sands's

Thomas W. Lawson's Story of a Great and Passionate Love.

called upon the one thing left of her but in soul; the magic spark hed fled old world, some of my terror passed She was but an empty shell—a woman In its place came a great mellowing sense of God's marvellous wisdom. I Naughty, naughty Bob." the mind was thought gratefully of my mother's al- At the sound of "church," Bob's head

calling, and with a smile raised her

held vigil over our sleeping lover and what your father would call wrong. I expected to hear the purling of a babe. friend, she with the happiness of a will do what you say to atone."

My syes, in their perplexity, must have child who had no fear of the awaken. Wandered for I suddenly became aware ing. I with a silent terror of what lines always is the gently, reverently, and touching his lips of a great black headline spread across to her giorious goiden hair, he went the top of the paper that she had been wafted to the unknown that day. Was also that gives the taper My eyes, in their perplexity, must have child who had no fear of the awakenwasted to the unknown that day. Was and here is a model it to have a companion to cheer and that gives the tapersoluce it on its far journey to the great ing effect to the fig. beyond? How long we waited Bob's ure at the back, awakening I could not tell. The clock's while it can be made hands said an hour; it seemed to me an to provide more or age. At last his magnificent physique, less fulness at THE STATE, EX-UNITED STATES his unpoisoned blood and splendid brain front, as may be de-SENATOR AND EX GOVERNOR JUDGE pulled him through to his new world of sired. As illustrated, LEE BANDS, OF SANDS LANKING, mind and heart torture. His eyelids it is made of white WHILE TEMPORARILY INSANE FROM lifted. He looked at me, then at Beu- line n with round THE TOSS OF HIS FORTUNE AND lifted. He looked at me, then at Beumiddens of the funds for lah Sands, with eyes so sad, so swful collar, and the tucks
which he was trustee cut the WHICH HE WAS TRUSTEE, CUT THE THEORY THE THEORY OF THE THEORY His gaze, finally rested on her and his tions of the model.

Copyright, 1900, 1907, by the Ridgway Co.) that the rulcides and the convicts, the of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands clasped and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands classed and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands classed and up- he rolled backward upon the floor as | went over him as he caught sight of her chair, his hands classed and up- he rolled backward upon the life has been as he caught sight of her chair, his hands classed and up- he rolled backward upon the life has been as he caught sight of her chair, his hands classed and up- her chair was her caught sight of her chair was her caught sight of her chair was her caught sight the desk that he was himself; that lost time. Get your hat and cloak and memory of the happenings of the day we'll hurry to the church or we will be

had not fled in his sleep. He rose to late.' his full height, his head went up and Wit his shoulders back, but only from habit turban and the pretty gray, jacket. He Beulah Sands to his breast and dropped, took them from their peg and mays his head upon her shoulder. He sobbed | them to her

you treat your Beulah? Is this the wife as soon as I can find a minister has come to take us to the church? right. It is as God would have it, or

May Manton's Daily Fashions

with a separate colhigh roll-over sort included in the pattern or with any pretty stock that may be liked. Again, sleeves can be in elbow or in full length, so that a great many possibilities are covered by the single design. All waisting materials are appro-



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